

DSF copy

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

2101 CONSTITUTION AVENUE

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Dear Evelyn,

The final farewells have all been said and most of the memorabilia lie inert in boxes or on the shelves, defying someone to sort them.

Your notebook, however, remains on my work table, its handsome cover a match for the ever-present Persian rug. Every so often, I look at a page or two, recapturing moods of worlds past, the ones on the fifth and seventh floors in Building Ten. These must have been the best years. When evoked, their memories come back with a sweeter resonance.

I note, in passing back and forth through the book, that the Chatelaine's Corner is empty, literally torn away. Yet she does appear at least once there, around Berliner's table, looking tolerant and bemused at the artist-heroes whose privileged world she held together with a fine, gloved touch.

How did you find the Leningrad scenes? I'd given up years ago looking for the Russian prints. And the Farewell of the Aging Scientist! Did I write that? Did I give it? It seems so authentic and appropriate now. Do you remember what they gave me at the time? A wine cooler. On the side was inscribed: "At NIH He/Wore Every Hat/But History Will/Know Him/As the King of Fat."

The King is emeritus. But you're an indelible Princess. And I owe you a tremendous debt, not only for that splendid and thoughtful book, but for other gifts. There were those years of instruction in bureaucratic ways, in the feminine views on over-masculinized institutions, and on how to govern by intuition. It proved to be the vital, basic training that carried me through the Great Wars that were to come.

Thank you, Evelyn, ever so much.

Yours,



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